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## THE RANDALL'S ISLAND WAIFS.

Superintendent Bender's charges of mismanagement in the treatment of juvenile delinquents on Randall's Island make painful reading.

In the Department of City Charities proper within two years a very noteworthy improvement of administration has been brought about. Economies have been effected, abuses of long standing ended and the public institutions elevated to a high state of efficiency.

These improving changes have extended to things of relatively minor consequence: even to the use of better tableware in the almshouse, the serving of better food and the treatment of inmates not as convicts, sitting back to back at meal time, as they used to sit, but face to face. Along with the abolition of the sense of degradation has come an increase of self-respect.

It is therefore all the more shocking to read the allegations of the State Superintendent of Charities of unfortunate conditions at the Randall's Island House of

The specific charges are that the food is insufficient and made unpalatable because of its unvarying monotony; that the boys are ill-clothed and frequently & permitted to go shoeless, and that human beings are treated as if they were animals.

They come with startling unexpectedness when made against the administration of a charity by a society of recognized high standing in which much amateur philanthropy of a superior sort has found exercise.

An official investigation of these charges will serve warious good uses. The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents receives from the State an annual appropriation of from \$150,000 to \$200,000. It is subsidized on the same basis as other semi-public charitable societies, in some of which, as Comptroller Coler showed, and as Comptroller Grout showed also, after the State aid thus obtained has been largely exhausted on salaries and general expenses there has remained a small residue for actual use in philanthropy.

There is no allegation of such a misapplication of funds by this highly reputable society. But in the case public, half-private, a direct accountability to State or you care! I do not have to work, and, city, with a stricter responsibility, would obviously be of advantage.

## FAT AND THE PRESIDENCY

From the summer capital at Oyster Bay comes an official denial of the published report that the President had gained weight while in the White House. It was said that he now tips the beam at 220, these figures representing an increase of 35 pounds. It appears, however, that his official weight, as certified to, is only 193 pounds, and within six years has never exceeded 207 pounds nor declined below 197.

In the interest of fairness, it is well that the exact figures should be put on record and malicious misrepretation set at rest. It may well be that in a Presidential candidate obesity would be fatal to electoral success, and a a rich woman. I know. false report of a tendency that way should be suppressed. Those 35 extra pounds wrongfully accredited to the President might have lost him Kansas and Nebraska-certainly Arizona and Colorado; could a rough rider vote for a fat man? Or is it likely that a tall Kentucky mountaineer or lank East Tennesseean of the Abe Lincoin type would wish to elevate to high office a candidate eligible for membership in a fat man's club?

The two-hundred-pound mark is a fatal Rubicon of fat. the passing of which by 20 pounds within two years, in will take them to afternoon dinners and spite of the most unremitting athletic exercise, would matiness, if their husbands, as is often the case, haven't sufficient means to have indicated a possible three-hundred-pounder before dress them well and indulge them in the expiration of the next Presidential term. Three these luxuries. Hundred Pounds of too, too solid flesh in Lincoln's chair! The remotest possibility of such an event might well cause apprehension, and the authoritative denial is understandable.

## OUR FIRST CITIZENS.

The meeting of some of "the grandest ladies of New York" with Chief Joseph and his Indian braves in the gold dining-room of the Waldorf was a social event the importance of which should not be overlooked.

It was aristocrat meeting aristocrat. The host was a man whose name has been associated with monkey dinners; the chief had a record of dog banquets to match. One of the ladies is noted in Newport annals for a dance the memory of which is yet fresh in the history of social freaks; what was it in eclat to Chief Joseph's many sun dances? It was first citizen meeting first citizen, and though all the wampum of ten tribes could not pay for the gilt on wall and ceiling the chief was not abashed.

The meeting may result profitably for pale-face society in the matter of suggestions for styles. The dabs of blue on Joseph's cheeks, the yellow on his chin and the crimson on his temples combined a facial color scheme which no coat of enamel has ever equalled. The chief's feathered head-dress was also most effective.

Why not an Indian dinner dance for Fifth avenue this winter? If the hint is not taken a golden opportunity to enliven a jaded social season will be neglected.

THE WAR ON BEGGARS

Jack resolves not to divulge this secret to Lorraine lay. It was Lorraine of the Charity Organization Society

The campaign of the Charity Organization Society against professional beggars resulted in the arrest of two of the most notorious members of the fraternity of mendicancy on Thursday and the conviction of one, William H. Vaughn, with a six months' sentence. Vaughn, shamming blindness and physical debility, threw away his goggles and crutches in the court-room to rail at his accusers.

Vaughn is said to be worth \$40.000. Will the tenderhearted alms-giver bear this in mind the next time she carried a white pennon on his lance is prompted to open her slender purse to the helpless point, entered the street from the north. sufferer with the crutch or the crooked leg?

ufferer with the crutch or the crooked leg?

off with their sabres, crying: "No sur-head with his lips. Then he stood up, render! no surrender!" Shells continued gray-faced, impassive. and to furnish them with an opening in honest employ- to fall into the packed streets, blowing ent. But against the unregenerate professional "fiapper" or "bender" it is exercising a ceaseless activity the good results of which are already appreciable.

The Rainbow Feather."-The Evening World's serial story for next week is another of Fergus Hume's vivid live romances. In "The Rainblow Feather," which is republished by permission of the Company, there is an abundance of dramatic situations Company, there is an abundance of dramatic situations ned by permission of the G. W. Dillingham ting all the exciting features and the "thrill" char-sic of this author's work. The story will begin in ay's paper and end in Saturday's.

# The Misadventures of Archie---Strenuous Wind-Up of a Social Call.









## Confessions

...of... A Male Flirt.

Edited by

ROY L. McCARDELL.

Note.—The editor of these "Confessions" desires it to be thoroughly understood that he has no connection with these memoirs of a "masher" other than having prepared them for publication. They are the genuine personal experience of another.

## How to Win a Rich Wife.

AM married now, and to a very wealthy woman. We do not get as manager of her property, there are lots of ways I can hold out money she

never dreams I have. Now, if you are interested in women and their ways I will tell you how to win a rich woman if it is ever your good or bad fortune to meet with one. There is one way to do it. Presents! Presents! Beg, borrow or steal the money to buy a rich woman presents. If you are a astranger she will think you are wealthier than she is and will want you. If she knows you are poor she will think, and rightly, that you are ruining yourself for her sake. Another way is to be a "terrible fellow." Women dearly love to marry terrible fellows, to reform When a woman marries a man for his money she general gets it. It is different when a poor man marries

Another curious thing a male firt finds is the good-natured but startling con-tempt some women have for their husbands. I have found this particularly so among vain young married women boarding-houses. They are too vain and lazy to take up the burdens of housekeeping, let alone family cares, and in consequence they grow peevish and discontented through idleness and spend their spare time hunting for men who

boarding-house lady loafers once, and used to take her to luncheon and mati-ness occasionally. At the boarding-

nees occasionally. At the boardinghouse 1 posed as her lawyer, for she
was a boastful prevaricator and pretended to have property.
One day I was sitting in the boarding-house parior when her husband,
home unexpectedly early, came into the
room. He gave an eldritch screech and
rusaed from the room, yelling: "I'll go
out and get drunk!" 'I'll go out and
get drunk!" His wife stepped into the
hall with a bored look on her face.
"Come back, Clarence, she called, "you
are going out with Mr. Blank's hat."
"I don't care whose hat I've got!"
was the feroclous reply, "I'm a despervate man!" And away he went.
May'be you den't believe this, but it's
true.

## Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

Her Deliberate Manner Causes Him to Lose the Ronor of Leading His Lodge in a Parade.





By Robert W. Chambers. Printed by Permission of Harper & Brothers.

gone.

ness incredible.

A Story of Love and War.

The Valley of the Shadow. AYLIGHT was feding in the room where Lorraine lay in a stuper so deep that at moments the Sister of Mercy and the young military surthere on the pillows.

An officer, followed by a lancer, who house." A dozen soldiers and officers backed it and touched the sleeping girl's forehorrible gaps in the masses of strug- to himself. He looked at Jack, who gling men.

torches swung, signalling victory. Jack turned away from the window. The tall Sister of Mercy stood beside the bed where Lorraine lay.

Jack made a sign. "She is asleep," murmured the Sis-ter; "you may come nearer now. Close the window."

Before he could reach the bed the door again toward the bed; the was opened violently from without, and street rang out furiously.

an efficer entered swinging a lantern. "Death to the Emperor:

served. I am very sorry to trouble

Another officer entered, an old man, overed to the eyes by his crimson his face in the sheets. gold-brocaded cap. Two more followed. "There is a sick person here," said raising a face burning with fever. Jack. "You cannot have the intention of turning her out. It is inhuman"-He stopped short, stupefied at the sight of the old officer, who now stood bareheaded in the lantern-light, looking

Slowly the Emperor advanced to the he muttered. bed, his dreary eyes fixed on Lorraine's pale cheeks.

In the silence the cries from the street utside rose clear and distinct: "Long live the Republic! Down with

The Emperor spoke, looking straight geon could scarcely believe her alive at Lorraine: "Gentlemen, we cannot disturb a woman. Pray find another

With a vague gesture he stepped near er, smoothed the coverlet, bent closer, "I am an old man," he said, as though

now came close to him, holding out On the heights above Sedan Prussian something in one hand. It was the steel "For me, monsieur?" asked the Em-

Jack nodded. He could not speak.

The Emperor took the box, still looking at Jack. "I thank you-I thank you both, my children," be said. His eyes wandered again toward the bed; the cries in the

disease was terribly contagious. The girl quietly refused and nursed her side. senseless lover night and day.

"Never mind me, but stay with her."

The fever seized Jack with a swift-

His mind wandered a little, but he set

his teeth and rose, staggering to the

horribly congested condition. He ad-

'You must lie in the room beyond.'

"Then-swear it-by the-by

"I swear," she answered, softly.

paper with shaking fingers.

my sister-my family"---

nd lay down at her feet.

On the second day the entrance of the scious lover. German army into the city brought her teyn arrived in Sedan from Brussels The trample of the White Cuirassiers in the street outside filled the room; the serried squadrons thundered past,

He did not see Lorraine at first, but The Sister of Mercy was kneeling by heavy hair, gilded by the morning sun-jarm to an old lady, heavily veiled, and held the door open, saying to Jack: the bed; Jack shivered, and dropped shine, her eyes, bright with fever, bowed down with the sudden age that roamed around the room, startled, degreat grief brings. Beside her walked When he looked up the Emperor had spairing. Under the window the White a young girl, also in deep mourning. Cuirassiers were singing as they rode: Jack sank down by the bed, burying "Flies. Adler. flies"! Wir sturmen nach.

"I am going to be very ill," he said, aising a face burning with fever. 'Nover mind me, but stay with her."
"I understand," said the Sister, gently, "I understand," said the Sister, gently, "You must lie in the count beyond." Victoria! Victoria! Mit uns ist Gott!" Terrified, turning her head from side

the hands, She tried to speak, but her ears

Saviour there-there on your crucifix!" were filled with the deep voices shouting the splendid battle hymn-The White Cuivassiers shook their drying her sweet eyes. Dorothy kissed table. He wrote something on a bit of glittering sabres; the melancholy trum-

to side, Lorraine stretched out her

pet's blast swept skyward; the stand-"Send for them," he said. "You can ards flapped. Suddenly the stony street telegraph now. They are in Brussels—trembled with the outcrash of drams; the cuirassiers halted, the steel-mailed Then, blinded by the raging fever, he squadrons parted right and left; a carnade his way uncertainly to the bed, riage drove at a gallop through the groped for Lorraine's hand, pressed it opened ranks. Lorraine leaned from the window; the officer in the carriage looked up. The doctor pronounced his malady the nuch-dreaded "Pest," bred of the city's

As the fallen Emperor's eyes met Lorraine's she stretched out both little bare vised Lorraine to leave the sick man to arms and cried: "Vive la France!"the care of the Sister of Mercy, as the and he was gone to his captivity, the White Cuirassiers galloping on every

Then she went back to her uncon When the Vicomte and Mme. de Mor

the last of the French prisoners had been gone a week.

There were no hacks, no conveyances of any kind, so the tall, white-bearded gentleman in black, who stood waiting analously for his passport, gave his steel ringing on steel, horses neighing, trumpets sounding the "Royal March."

One who had known them in former days would scarcely have recognized the hale Vicomte de Morteyn, his wife and Jack's sister, Dorothy.

At that moment a young girl came out of the crowded station, looking around her anxiously. "Lorraine!" cried the white-haired

She was in his arms before he could

move. Madame de Morteyn clung to

er, too, sobbing convulsively; Dorothy hid her face in her black-edged hand-After a moment Lorraine steped back.

her again and again.
"I-I don't see why we should cry."

"I-I don't see why we should cry," said Lorraine, while the tears ran down her flushed cheeks. "If he had died it would have been different."

After a silence she said again:
"You will see. We are not unhappy—Jack and I."
Lorraine silpped an arm through hers, looking back at the old people.
"Come," she said serenely: "Jack is able to sit up."—Then in Dorothy's ear she whispered: "I dare not tell them—you must."
"Dare not tell them"—
"That—that married Jack—this morning."

THE END.

## Next Week's Story ses HE RAINBOW FEATHER

By FERGUS HUME. (Permission of G. W. Dillingham Co.) Begins in Bveniug World Monday, bept. 28, and Ends Satur-day, Oct. 3.



SEE that Gov. Odell advises the boys of New York State to stay on the farm," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"Sure, Mike," said the Man Higher Up. "The Governor has a telescopic lamp. He can see into the future for several miles, and he has the key to the situation fastened to his suspender buttons by a cable. If the boys of New York State don't stay on the farm, what ! going to become of the Republican majority?

"The bigger New York City and Buffalo and Roche ter and other cities get to be, the bigger the Democrat majorities become, and the less chance there is of ha ing a Republican Governor and Legislature in Albar You will recollect that in the last State election looked as though Coler was all to the mustard until t returns began to come in from the rural districts around the Adirondack mountains. Then young M Coler took the count.

"It is as certain as percentage that Republican flourish in the sections where the face of nature is mad to produce. The Rube is a natural Republican. Dem crats grow or are developed in cities. In the great ag cultural States a Democrat has about as much show being elected Governor as a man with a conscience making a success in Wall street.

"That is why Gov. Odell wants the boys of the ? to stay on the farm; he'd like to have them live in b'gosh lands until they get so covered with moss you couldn't chisel it off with the sharpest tools of a ment ever used. So long as the yap holds the bal of power the Republican party is on velvet.

"But you can't keep the youthful hayseed on farm, and it is a good thing for the country at larges this is so. To compel an ambitious if immature : to stack all his checks on the old homestead and his hand out until he is in shape for a ride to the gr yard is intellectual assassination

"Where would this city be if the boys had rema on the farm in the early times, and where would now if there wasn't a bunch of horny-handed, st bruised, freckled and eager young hayseeds carr their paper suit cases into the railroad stations e day? Our great merchants, great lawyers, great r road men, great speculators, great theatrical manage great bankers, came from the farm, and more of the are coming all the time.

"When the city calls to a boy on the farm he is no more use to the farm than a coating of asphalt. 10 keep him there is not only to rob him of opportunities he might have enjoyed in the city, but to make a bum farmer out of him. Lots of farmer boys fail when they butt into the city, but everybody can't be a winner, or there wouldn't be any players on the other side of the game. We live off one another, and it is natural that we should.

"I may be prejudiced, because I didn't come from a farm, but why a kid who can read and write and think should want to stick to the fields and the woods and the prospects of becoming able to earn a couple of dollars in a sixteen-hour day stops at the front door of my comprehension. Whenever I see a contented farmer I feel like I was in the Eden Musee."

"Sometimes I long for the old farm," sighed the Cigar Store Man. "That is caused by the smell of hay when you open your showcase," replied the Man Higher Up.

## An Improved Match.

For a year the use of phosphorus matches has been prohibited in Sweden. The new law has resulted in the invention of a match by the engineers, Ladin and Jernander, which has been named the "repsticken," or scratch match. It will light against a wet surface. It is said to be

## CHANCE GREETINGS-NO. VI.

Bryan (William Jennings): As I rover, it is Grover-He whose ideals all I cherish. Be they sixteen, be they one. And our love shall never perish While our earthly course we run.

Cleveland (Grover): By my rod and reel. By my scales, my flies and creel, You cast true.

There may be salmon in Alaska, cod at Cape Cod, But as for Nebraska, you're the whole pod.